Cooſen, on wedneſday next our Counſel we will hold.
At Windſore, ſo informe the Lordes:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will, my liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter prince of VVales & Sir Iohn Falſtalffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of olde ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon benches after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnles houres were cups of ſacke, and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaunde the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeede you come neere mee nowe *Hal*, for wee that take purſes, goe by the moone and the ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phoebus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethe ſweete wag, when thou art king, as God ſaue thy grace: maieſtie I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, let not vs that are ſquires of the nights body, bee called theeues of the dayes beautie: let vs bee *Dianaes* forreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moone, and let men ſay, wee bee men of good gouernement, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſſe the moone, vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſaieſt well, and it holds wel too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now a purſe

a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Munday ni
moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning, got with ſ
lay by, and ſpent with crying, bring in, now in as low
as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flo
ridge of the gallowes.

Falſt. By the Lord thou ſaiſt true lad, and is not my
of the tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla* my old lad of the caſtl
not a buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in t
and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with
Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my ho
the tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid all the

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coyne would
and where it would not I haue vſed my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſ'd it, that were it not here appar
thou art heire apparant. But I prethe ſweet wag, ſhall th
gallowes ſtanding in England when thou art king? and
tion thus fubd as it is with the ruſtie curbe of old father A
the law, doe not thou when thou art king hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord ile be a braue iudg

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already, I meane thou ſha
the hanging of the theeues, and ſo become a rare hangm

Falſ. Well, *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes w
humour, as well as waiting in the Court I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſuites, whereof the ha
hath no leane wardrob. Zblood I am as melancholy as
Cat, or a lugd Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lyon, or a louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melanch

Moore